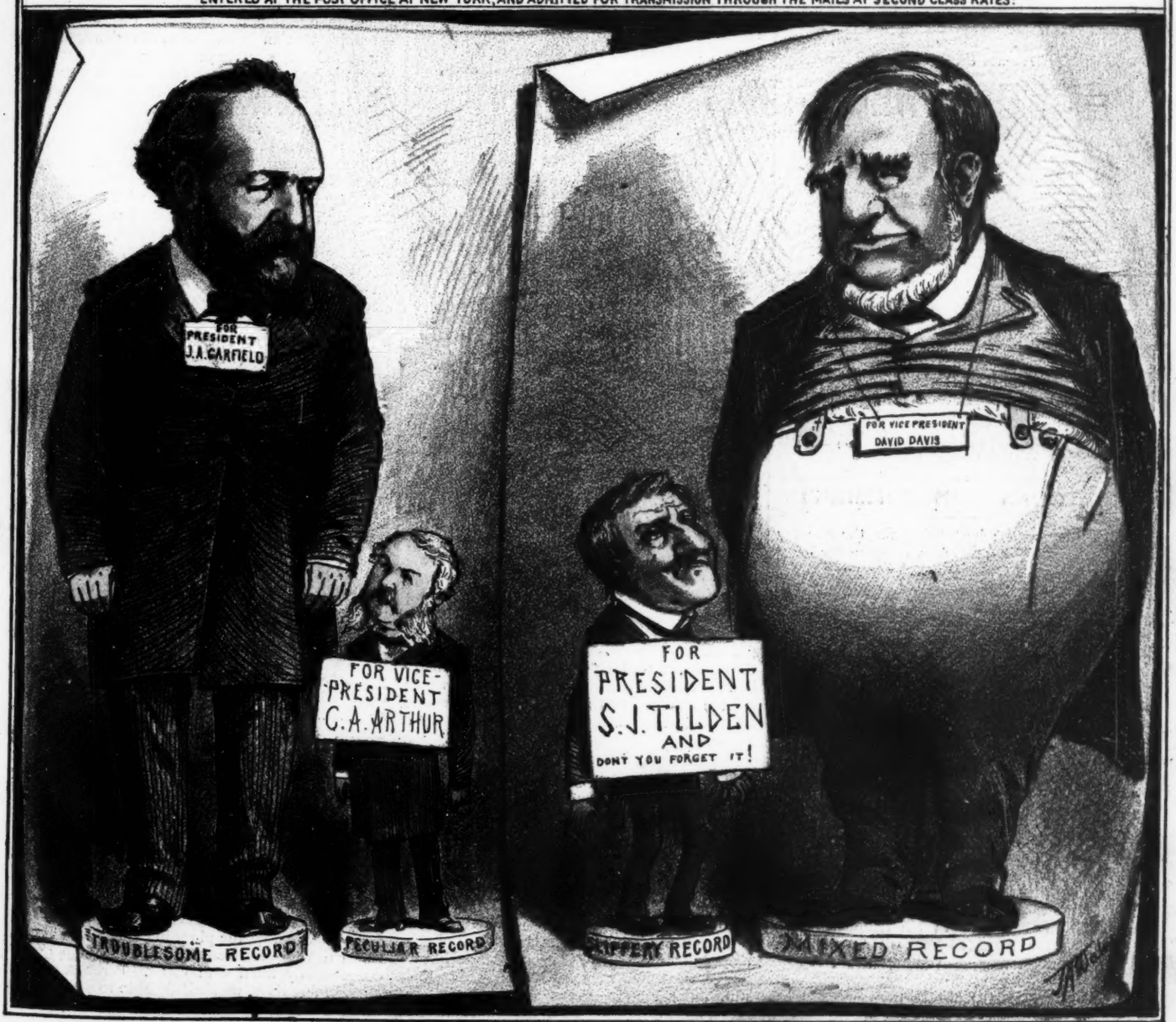
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"What fools these Mortals be!" MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM

Puck

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A WEAK TICKET IN THE FIELD — AND A WEAKER EXPECTED.

If the Republicans Have Done Feebly at Chicago, what May We Expect of the Democrats at Cincinnati?

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

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On or about July 1st, 1880, will be published

PUCK ON WHEELS.

It is scarcely necessary for us to remark that

PUCK ON WHEELS

will be the handsomest, best and brightest summer book ever issued. The price of

PUCK ON WHEELS

will be twenty-five cents. Further information concerning

PUCK ON WHEELS!

will be forthcoming next week.

PUCK this week consists of

☞ **20 PAGES.** ☜

This is necessitated by the pressure upon our advertising columns, which obliges us to add a supplement of

☞ **4 PAGES,** ☜

to make up our usual allowance of reading matter.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT may be the best thing for the country to elect General Garfield to the Presidential chair. No one can doubt his ability; he is a man of discretion and experience; he is not too violent a partisan to conciliate the various local prejudices of the country. But it is of no use to try to blink the fact that he has a troublesome record behind him. Charges against him may not have been proved; but that is nothing. The awkward point is that they have not been *dis*proved. This is the first time that a Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States has been accused of any form of dishonesty; and it is a painful thing not alone for the party; but for the whole country. Yet we sincerely believe, and earnestly trust, that General Garfield is capable of making a good President. He is a man of sufficient breadth of thought and cleverness of perception to appreciate the peculiar dignity of the position to which he aspires; and to understand how the honor of filling it honestly and faithfully must outweigh temptations that might be too strong for a man with less responsibility on his shoulders.

* * *

The candidate of the Republican party has also another claim on the respect of the nation. He appears as the representative of the Anti-Third Term Idea—in a certain sense, as the conqueror of the vilest and meanest conspiracy that has ever insulted American decency since the days of Aaron Burr. It is to him that Grant, balked in the mad schemes of his disgraceful ambition, has yielded up the sword made glorious by a noble war-record. There is a great significance in this. General Grant has been, if not the leader, at least the foremost man of his party for twelve years. It is no little matter that after more than a decade of supremacy, the Republican party bestows upon this famous chieftain a rebuke of this unexampled severity. It is a strange and at the same time an admirable thing to see his own people turn upon him and say: "You have gone too far. Great as have been your services to us; much as you have deserved our friendship and fealty, in times gone by, we will take neither part nor lot in this plan of yours: we will rather call upon this other man to take your place and lead us in your stead."

* * *

This paper is neither Republican nor Democrat. We care for no party squabbles, and we wear nobody's ring in our nose. But we are not afraid to speak frankly in approval or disapproval of either political army; and our readers, who have learned to look to PUCK for unbiassed counsel and opinions freely expressed, have seen that we have made, at all times, common cause with those Republicans who have consistently fought for honest money, honestly circulated. It is only fair to the Republican party to own that it is the party of sound financial ideas. The Democrats have never kept their skirts clear of the mud-puddles infested by Greenback frogs. If we had not had a Republican President and a Republican Secretary of the Treasury, the Resumption Act might have died of neglect. It is a great question whether the Democratic party can give any adequate guarantee of their willingness to respect the present monetary prosperity of the country—unless it is by bringing forward a worthier candidate for the Presidency than the Visionary of 1872, or the Vampire of 1876.

* * *

The Democrats have been twenty years out of office. Should their luck change next November, unless the men of their choice are of the wisest, the reaction will be a severe shock to the country. The party has been so long out of office that it has forgotten the way to govern—even the way to govern its own organization. And if it has to learn, we had much rather that it would take out its period of practice four years hence, than now, when the country has scarcely settled down on a healthy, hard-pan financial basis. Of course, everything depends on what the coming Convention will do; but if there has been a lack of wisdom in the deliberations of the astute politicians at Chicago, can we look for cleverness at Cincinnati? The Republican ticket *may* be weak; but the chances are that the Democrats will be able, after their usual fashion, to draw up a weaker.

* * *

When Mr. Jenner discovered that vaccine lymph, inserted in the skin of a patient of any age, would prevent small-pox, the whole civilized world rejoiced. It was a boon to humanity. Many, even middle-aged people, can remember the time when every other person they met was more or less disfigured with the marks of the loathsome disease. It was not confined to any particular class of society—the dweller in the slums suffered equally with the denizen of aristocratic quarters. Now it is comparatively rare to see evidences of the disease, although it still, unfortunately, exists among us. There are some donkeys who say that vaccination is a mistake, and that it does more harm than good. Such statements are scarcely worth serious consideration, but one thing is very certain: that by the use of unhealthy lymph the remedy often proves worse than the malady itself. There have been numbers of cases of late wherein children have had the seeds of all kinds of horrible diseases introduced into their little systems by this means. In many cases it would have been better that they should have had the small-pox, from which they might have perfectly recovered, than suffer through life with ailments introduced by unhealthy lymph.

* * *

Mr. Clerical Error Stoughton, to whom we have occasionally referred as the gentleman with the wonderful head of hair, contributed an article to the *North American Review*, entitled "Popular Fallacies about Russia." The article was a good one in its way, and, although we did not agree with all its conclusions, it had the effect of increasing our respect for Mr. Stoughton's literary ability, which we were convinced he possessed by his discovery of that extraordinary clerical error in the Louisiana election returns. But a correspondent of the *Nation* puts an entirely different complexion on the matter by informing that paper that the article in question is of a similar character to something that an Englishman, now dead, one Richard Cobden, wrote years ago; and, what is more, the *Nation's* correspondent seems to prove the case. It is clear that Mr. Stoughton's brains and memory are as wonderful as his hair; for it is not to be supposed for a moment that he would knowingly pass off another man's work as his own. We will charitably believe that he was so impressed by Mr. Cobden's ideas that they have been running in his head ever since, until he began to think they were original with him. The whole matter can, however, be easily rectified. Mr. Stoughton, if he has discovered his mistake, should send back to the *North American Review* the money he received for the article, accompanied by "The Political Writings of Richard Cobden," published in London, by William Ridgway, in 1878. The editor will then be convinced that Mr. Stoughton is a conscientious man, and will have an opportunity of marveling at Mr. Stoughton's wonderful memory.

* * *

It is not often that we blow our own trumpet, but we think we are not exceeding the bounds of modesty in taking some little credit to ourselves for having put a stop to the traffic in bogus medical diplomas in Philadelphia. A little cartoon of ours, a few weeks back, exhibited the features of this interesting business (although we say it who shouldn't) in a strong light. The Philadelphia *Record* is perhaps entitled to as much praise as we have awarded to ourselves in helping to ruin the bogus diploma manufacturers. A *Record* reporter, at an expenditure of $225, succeeded in getting himself made in a wonderfully short space of time an M.D., a D.L., a D.D., and an LL.D. A Doctor John Buchanan, the gentleman who supplied these permits to murder and swindle, is now, with other members of his "Faculty," within the grasp of the strong hand of the law—safely, we hope—and will have an effectual stopper put on his peculiar calling.

* * *

The recent terrible accident on the Sound is the kind of thing that one expects at this season of the year. No proper provision seems to have been made for the saving of human life; for it appears that the plugs in the life-boats, or rather death-boats, were left out, and the boats consequently filled with water. Perhaps, one of these fine days, we shall be able to discover why the boats, in disasters of this nature, are never in a fit condition to float.

MR. MICHAEL ANGELO MULHOOLY
ON THE
POLITICAL SITUATION.



Now, I want to know what all dis racket is. When I say dis racket, I mean de way de b'yes is goin' back on de Boss. It's low-down, dat's what it is, and I'm a-kickin'; you betcher life I'm a-kickin'.

Dere's Arthur—Arthur's a nice sardine, he is! After him 'n' de ole man had fixed it out all square 'n' solid, to go for to go back on de machine and fix tings wid de Rads—oh, bite me ear, it makes me feel sick!

I t'ought sure de b'yes was let in for somet'in' fat, dis election. Noo Yark's my racket, er course; but I was kinder speculatin' on enlargin' my sp'ere, an' takin' in Washinton. I tink I c'd work Washington—me and Maginnis and Hamlet—Ham is dat purp down dere—there, I would say. I'm talkin' fearful gallus to-day, I feel so bad.

When I say I feel bad, I don't mean dat I took so much stock in Arthur. 'Tain't that—no. You ain't got this thing down fine. Arthur wouldn't never have been no use to us. Dem Radicals is all drawn out of de same keg. They're lugsy, and they wash themselves like they was goin' to take the hide off, and they give you no end 'f chin-roast about purity and de preservation of de country - and--and—oh, well, dey put on most too much style about deir stealin'.

Dem felliz wouldn't never get along wid de b'yes. Dey ain't got no *idea* of j'inin' de gang; it's only a bluff for de rest of de rads—dat's all. An' den, dey ain't got no intention of divvyin' square. We found dat out last year.

Oh, no, we ain't got no call to put on mournin' for Arthur. What I'm a-growlin' about is de free 'n' easy way he walks off, widout sayin' naathin' to nobody, 's if de ole man wasn't of no account. Dat ain't no way to give de Boss de shake.

Now, Sammy Tilden, he's hired a hall out in 'Snatty, he has. An' he ain't goin' to let de old man in, he ain't. Dat's what he says. We ain't gettin' no respect, nowhere. Dis t'ing has got to be kinder straightened out.

Maginnis an' I went down to Larry Gaffney's to beer, t'udder night.

"Mulhooly," says he to me, "Mulhooly," he says: "people don't appreciate our position, they don't. You may buzz about yer Young Scratchers, 'n' bolters, an' all yer kid-glove snides; but we're de true Independents, we are."

"Maginnis," says I to him, "Maginnis," I says: "what are you givin' me, *any*way? Maginnis," I says: "I been called a snoozer, and I been called a rooster; but nobody ain't never accused me 'f bein' an Independent. I run wid de machine, every time; an' I ain't never give the Boss away, and don't you forget it."

"Mulhooly," he says to me, "Mulhooly," he says: "don't you make no mistake. We ain't Independent—Holy Moses! I didn't mean no such t'ing as dat—it's de machine what's Independent."

"Maginnis," I says to him, "Maginnis," I says: "I'm way off."

"Mulhooly," he says to me, "Mulhooly," he says: "I want you to freeze to dis here fac'. If dey fire us out of de 'S'natty Convention, it's goin' to be jes' velvet for you an' me," he says, "and for all de b'yes. Do you know what Unattached Cavalry is?" he says.

"I do," I says to him, "I do, Maginnis," I says: "Dat's de kind of Cavalry I belonged to, back in war-times. I wasn't attached to naathin, only the bounty."

"Well," says he, "Mulhooly," says he, "you ain't far out, you ain't. Unattached Cavalry is Cavalry as skips round loose, wherever it's wanted de most. Dat's our racket dis year. We'll be wanted long about November," says he, "an' den the felliz what wants us will have to holler *loud*," he says.

"Maginnis," says I to him: "Maginnis," I says: "I see where you're gettin to," I says: "you mean that we ain't goin' to do no Alliances nor naathin on trust, *this* time," I says.

"Mulhooly," says he to me, "Mulhooly," he says: "you've got a powerful grip on the idea, you have," he says.

An' den me and him and Ham, we went down to Dutch Ike's. De Boss is coming out all right dis time; you freeze right onto *dat*.

J. B.—June 7th, 1880.

THE ACTOR'S dead—and Memory alone
Recalls the genial magic of his tone:
Marble nor canvas nor the printed page
Shall tell his genius to another age—
A memory, doomed to dwindle less and less—
His world-wide fame shrinks to this littleness.
Yet, if a half a century from to-day,
A tender smile about our old lips play;
And if our grandchild query whence it came,
We'll say: "a thought of Brougham"—and that is Fame.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

Q. E. D.

How many times do I drink my beer?
Tell me how many flies there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new fall'n year,
Whose bright and silky wings appear
In the sunlight free:
So many times do I drink my beer!

How many times do I drink again?
Tell me how many drops there are
In a foaming Stein
Of the brew divine,
Extracted from the malted grain,
And rich as the beam of a yellow star:
So many times do I drink again!

CROSSING.

A stream and a ferry-boat,
To sail the North River o'er—
And merrily on we float
To the opposite Jersey shore!

There are dresses of cotton cloth,
And of linen dusters a few,
That laughs at the wary moth,
And weareth the summer through!

And the ferry-boats come and go
Each day as the last before;
And the same old crowd you know
Cross over from shore to shore!

F. W. P.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

Puckerings.

S-H-H-H!—Boom!—*Ah-h-h-h-h.—U. S G.*

POLITICAL MARKET REPORT.—Grant Stock has Gone Up.

A THING OF RHETORICAL BEAUTY is not a Joy from Michigan.

GRANT had better have stuck to his old original form of skin-game.

THIRD TERM INVOCATION—O Don, where is thy Sting; O Conkling, where is thy Victory!

THE STREETS of Washington, unlike the avenues of the place to which that cheerful city is compared, are *not* paved with good intentions.

SCRIPTURAL TERM TICKET—In Contradistinction to the Heathen Third-Termer, Ulysses. For President: J. ABRAM Garfield; for Vice-President: C. ABSALOM Arthur.

A LARGE SALE of Dark Horses is announced to take place at Chicago during the current week. The occasion will offer many opportunities of purchasing superior animals at very low figures.

THE GRADUATING class at West Point has been let loose just in time, and its hair is of just the right length to enable it to take a hand in the deliberations of the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati.

MR. KELLY'S attitude towards the Cincinnati Convention is one of beautiful indifference. If they don't let him in, he will convene all by himself, outside, and it won't take him long to find out what he wants to do, either.

COUNTRY BOARD, we learn from the *Herald*, is offered to a single gentleman, in a retired neighborhood, one hour's walk from the station, in a quiet family. We reprint this announcement for the benefit of General U. S. Grant.

IT IS interesting to the American tax-payer to read in the Democratic papers that the adjournment of Congress is a regrettable and premature choking-off, the work of the partisan malice of a filibustering Republican minority.

EDITORIAL REMARKS of the London *Times* on the Chicago nomination: "The Republican, or Locofoco, Party, in the United States, have nominated Chester A. Garforth, Esqre., of Ohio, Illinois, as their Candidate for the Presidency, to replace Mr. Rutherford B. Hawes, who has been impeached for habitual inebriety. This nomination is conceded to be a severe blow to the prospects of the Whig, or Democratic, Party, who now hold the administration of affairs, and who are under the leadership of Mr. W. G. Tilden, the Governor of Gramercy Territory, which lies at the confluence of the Swanee and the Salt Rivers."

LEATHER!

MR. U. S. GRANT, having returned from an extended foreign tour, which he has made for the sole purpose of studying foreign improvements in the preparation of leather, is prepared to resume the business of

TANNING AND DRESSING.

(in which he has in former times succeeded in giving satisfaction to his many customers,)

AT THE OLD STAND.

Mr. Grant begs leave to announce that Messrs. Roscoe Conkling and Don Cameron have no longer any connection with this establishment.

PUCK'S BILLET-DOUX.

To U. S. G.

WE didn't say we'd take you, Grant:
Despite Don's coaxing day by day,
And Roscoe Conkling's everlasting rant,
And foolish Third Term lay.

You know we didn't want you, Grant;
No word of ours gave such a thought.
Why would you force the flat, decisive "Can't?"—
You surely hadn't ought!

We dare say Poet Childs would make
A business for you—here's a go!
For Obit. Poetry's not bad to take
Even at prices low.

Or there's the Nicaraguan scheme
You could be boss of if you'd try—
And fire a mine under De Lesseps's dream,
To knock Colon sky-high!

"Republics are ungrateful?" Well,
Perhaps it is so:—hence, therefore,
Just let them go to thunder for a spell,
Nor their ill-luck deplore!

No, pray, no angry looks askance!
Don't call us false who owed not to be true:
We'd rather answer "No" to fifty Grants
Than answer "Yes" to you.

We would be with you ever friends—
No more; no less; and friendship's good.
Only don't bother over Third Term ends
And points well understood.

Is it a treaty? shall it be
That which we *can*—not what we CAN'T?
Here's friendship for you; but for the T. T.—
No, thank you, Grant!

PUCK.

THE DUELING BOOM.

THE ancient and more or less honorable practice of dueling seems to be in a fair way of regaining its ancient popularity. A well-developed dueling-boom has been started in Europe, and the cable has been busy for the last few weeks in scoring up duels at the rate of about three a day.

The subject is interesting; and we propose to give our readers a little general information as to duels in general, and one or two notable duels in particular, which may be of value if the fashion spreads to this country. Dueling is a beautiful amusement, but wearing on the health; and has fallen into disuse in the United States, because a great many profound thinkers have held that it is too much of an advertisement for the undertaking business to be a proper sport for gentlemen. There is a certain amount of truth in this: a noble pastime should not be degraded by even an indirect association with the vulgar interests of trade.

But if there is going to be a genuine revival of dueling; if it is going to supplant polo and lawn-tennis, why, the sooner we go into training, the better. It is pleasant to see that a couple of gentlemen down South have already made a neat little beginning. Mr. Elam called Mr. Smith's father a whangdoodle, or words to that effect, and Mr. Smith, boiling over with filial rage, asked Mr. Elam if he would mind stepping out into the suburbs of Richmond, Virginia, and indulging in a gore-picnic, with two other gentlemen and a surgeon. Mr. Elam replied that his opinions, publicly expressed, required of him that moderate sacrifice to conventionality. A convenient back-yard was found, and Mr. Smith converted Mr. Elam's chin into a bullseye by the insertion of a bullet in the exact centre of the bone.

Mr. Elam's career as a conversationalist is thus temporarily interrupted, and he will probably decline to be interviewed by anyone until he is positively obliged to reply to some questions which a police-justice of Richmond is particularly anxious to ask him.

It must be admitted, however, that, while this duel is a very creditable affair for American novices, the sport is carried to perfection only in Europe. The inhabitants of the old world rarely make use of the pistol in their little excursions of honor. The pistol is too uncertain and too energetic. You never know what a pistol is going to do when it goes off; and you often don't know what it *has* done if the bullet happens to hit you. This limits the fun of the game; and gives a man but small chance of becoming an expert. Swords are the favorite substitute for the loud and ungentlemanly shooting-iron. By swords we do not mean the broad two-edged cleavers carried about in American masonic processions, nor yet the big, clanking affairs, which occasionally trip our gallant militia officers upon review days. The sword employed by the European duellist is a surgical instrument consisting simply of a plain wire, ground down to four sides ending in a fine point, and a basket-handle. Any well-bred European can fiddle about with these slim skewers, according to the rules of the game, for a good half-a-day. Finally one of the combatants will claim that he has touched the other, a recess is taken, experienced surgeons examine the alleged victim with powerful microscopes, and, if the fact of an incision is proved, the demands of honor are said to be satisfied, and the whole company goes to breakfast. If no hole can be found, the contestants must resume their skewers and continue their calisthenics until one makes a visible aperture in the other's skin. Great care is taken never to touch the other man's face, and it is very rarely that the sport terminates in any unpleasant accidents.

The latest struggle for the championship of the dueling business was the one between MM. Rochefort and Koechlin. M. Rochefort, better known as Roquefort, is the manufacturer of the popular Roquefort cheese. Mr. Koechlin taunted M. Roquefort with having made a fortune in imitation Limburger. M. Rochefort responded that M. Koechlin could not pronounce his own name. Hence gore. The gore, in this instance, was supplied by M. Rochefort. A few minor contests have been held within the last fortnight, but none of any great importance. Count Karolyi has perforated another still more luxuriously-named and equally noble Hungarian, and the Prince de Santa Severina has been gored by an adversary, but M. Koechlin still holds the championship, and, we understand, is about to issue an open challenge to all the world to compete with him in a six-days dueling match.

IN PRESS—(VERY MUCH SO).

HISTORY OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN, DON CAMERON OF PENNSYLVANIA (companion volume to Don Quixote de la Mancha), illustrated with many etchings specially prepared for this edition by Hunkey Dory, among which may be mentioned: "First Sally" (not the Widow Oliver), "Watching of the Armor" (as Grant's Secretary of War), "Enlistment of Sancho Conkling," "Tournament of the Plumed Knight," "Combat with the (Harrisburg) Sheep Flock," "Assault upon the (Chicago) Wind-Mills," etc., etc. The requirements in such an edition are:—The text selected should be the one best esteemed by impartial critics; the illustrations should be of the highest artistic merit; the typography, paper and binding should be of the best quality. The publisher trusts that in all these respects the edition now offered will meet with general approval. Samples free.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.



No. CXXX.

MANHATTAN BEACH.

Ya-as aw, Mrs. Fitznoodle and myself have arwived in New York aftah our wathah pleasant wedding-twip. We should have pwolonged it considerwably, but my wife's fwiends were extwemely desirwous that we should weturn he-ah, with a view to making pweparwations for spending the torwid season somewhere.

Everwybody who, up to the pwesent time, has wemained in town, seems wejoiced to see us again, which aw is deuced gwatifying.

Durwing our stay he-ah to weceive the additional congwatulations of our fwiends, we occasionally while away the aw wearwy hours by venturwing down to a wesort on a stwip of sand called Coney Island, in the neighborwhood of the aw sea.

This particulah summah waterwing-place is called Manhattan Beach, and is wendered wemarkable by the existence of severwal verwy extensive wooden buildings, which wejoice in the name of hotels. There are long verwandahs all wound them, and all the stwuctures smell stwongly of fwesh paint.

Our most wecent party consisted of my wife, Beaufort—the Duke fellah, ye know—Fitzwoy Somerset, and some Amerwican acquaintances.

We first cwossed in a ferwy-steamah, then we took seats in a wathah uncomfortable wailway carwiage, and arwived at this Manhattan Beach.

We wandered about the sands and inspected the stwange and almost stwictly Amerwican kind of bathing that was going on, which in many wespects was as good as a play.

Then we split into differwent parties and listened to the instwumental music, which was performed by a considerwable body of musicians dwessed up in militarwy clothes, and seated in a large shed built somewhat in the style of an extwaordinarwily large oystah-shell. There was also an individual in pwivate clothes, who played solitarwy pieces on a bwass twumpet—which, I think, is called by musicians a cornet à piston.

As there were not many othah wemarkable attwactions to feast our eyes and ears on, aftah we had sniffed the bwiny bweezes, and wandered wound the verwandahs watching people eat and dwink, we wesolved to wefwesh ourselves in the same mannah, and faw this purpose were obliged to distwibute ourselves about the space devoted to wefectorwy purposes, and to endeavor to obtain some dinnah.

It was a fwightfully difficult pwoceeding, and I think if the pwopwietahs were to discharge the whole wegiment of these waitah fellaws, I am inclined to think it would be a gweat impwovement. These cweachahs seem to think that the world was cweated simply faw the purpose of supplying them with fees.

Aw weally they are quite as bad as the most disweputable Bwitish or Fwench servant in a westaurwant—and an Amerwican usually pwides himself on his waitahs being a superwiah article.

Many othah fellaws agwee with me in thinking that it would be an admirable plan to forbid these mercenarwy and boorwish, ill-bwed hewahs of wood and dwawahs of watah fwom weceiving fees in any shape or form, but faw a wegulah pwice faw attendance to be charged on the bill. This arwangement would pwobably do away with the pwesent verwy unsatisfactorwy state of things, and make the waitahs do their duty in a pwopah mannah to everwybody, or be obliged to hand in their wesignations aw.

PICTORIAL PUCKERINGS FOR THE CURRENT WEEK.



THE INCREASING POPULARITY OF THE FRENCH NOVEL.
The Ladies Want It, But They are Ashamed to Ask for It.



THE WESTERN LIQUOR DEALER.
"Never mind their parties—the more they convene the better off I am!"



KELLY AND THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.
A Prophetic Sketch by Puck's Special Artist Dispatched in Advance to the Field.
"Oh, why am I out of this beautiful shindy?"

CORONACH.

HE is back from the routing,
He's returned from Chicago,
With his bombastic flouting
And Third-Term farrago.
In Senate appearing,
'Mid sackcloths of sorrow—
Yet there cometh no cheering
For Conkling to-morrow!

The hand of the scratcher
Drops the lead-pencil ready,
And the Anti-Grant snatcher
Seeks employment more steady.
The stump-speaker, gushing,
Strikes the platitudes queerest—
But our Roscoe was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

High Jinks on the war-path
(Where shot-guns are wanting)—
Goliah of New Garth,
Thy victories flaunting!
Like the mouse on the mountain,
Like the chip on the river,
Like the soda of the fountain—
Thou art gone—howsoever!

F. W. P.

BARBERS' CONVENTION!

KNIGHTS OF THE COMB AND RAZOR IN CONCLAVE.

CUTTING AND CLIPPING.

WASH AND WHISKERS.

Tonic and Tricopherous.

SHAVING AND SHAMPOO.

BAY RUM AND BIG BEARDS.

SOAP AND SCISSORS.

What They Did, and How They Did It.

PUCK'S SPECIAL REPORT.

☞ ALL FOR TEN CENTS. ☜



MERICA ought to receive the congratulations of the civilized world, for Tammany Hall has at last been devoted to a useful purpose. A convention of Barbers has been held there, which has just successfully terminated its sittings.

There were Barbers, Barbers' Assistants, and Barbers' Boys, not only from all the great shaving and hair-cutting centres, but also from the smaller villages of the Southern States, where three shaves can be had for five cents, with a glass of whiskey thrown in.

This class of colored delegates appeared to be a remarkably fine and intellectual body of men, and they were cordially welcomed by their more aristocratic and influential brethren from the Northern and Eastern States.

Among the distinguished members of the profession who were present were the venerable Professor Stubbly Scrape, Professors Cut and Court Plaster, Scraper Cheek, D. F., Deputy Professor of Stropping; A. Powderpuff, Lecturer on "Wiping Off the Chin," and many others.

The great convention was opened with prayers by the Revs. Henry Ward Beecher and T. De Witt Talmage. The supplications were to the effect that wisdom would be showered upon the followers of the noble profession of barbering, that they might never cut or scrape their customers or put strong bay rum on chins that were tender.

PROFESSOR STUBBLY BEARD then delivered his address as President of the Association. He said the object of this Convention was to put all members of the noble profession upon an equal footing. It was to promote harmony among all classes: the fifteen-cent men, the ten-cent men, and the five-cent men. He would not dwell on the wonderful strides that had been made in the science of hair-cutting and shaving—not to speak of the sister-science of shampooing. The intermingling of thought was the characteristic of to-day—and in what way, he demanded, could there be better intermingling or interchange of thought than in the meeting of members of the most useful and honorable profession of the age? In what science or profession, he would ask, had a more wonderful discovery been made than in the application of powder to the chin after shaving? The process of extra softening of the beard by the application of more oleaginous lather was another remarkable triumph for modern barbering. The decline in the use of pomade and oil for the hair, the popularization of the shampoo, the use of the whisk on the garments of customers, and other matters of minor importance, would, he trusted, be fully ventilated and discussed by the highly cultured and intelligent body of delegates whom he saw before him. Papers would also



be read on a variety of subjects, comprising: "Hot and Cold Water in Shampooing," "The Therapeutics of Clean Towels," "Hollow-ground Razors," "The Effect of Scent Atomizing on Different Classes of Customers," "Razor Notches and Blood-letting," "Alum as a Styptic," "The Philosophy of Waiting," etc., etc.

Professor Stubbly Beard then called attention to the enormous progress which had been made with regard to the financial condition of the profession. He was happy to say that few barbers of standing ever charged less than fifteen cents to a professional caller for the ordinary operation of shaving and hairdressing, and thirty-five cents for hair-cutting. The charge for a shampoo occasionally varied. These were the ruling rates in what he might call the Civilized States, although even in New York City practitioners were found, he was sorry to say, who would shave for ten cents, and cut hair at a sliding scale of prices, according to the means of their customers.

One of the objects of this Convention was to remedy this unsatisfactory state of things, and equalize the fees for different sections of the country.

In the South, which was still suffering a recovery, patients could scarcely be expected to pay these rates.

These matters were all subjects that ought to receive the fullest consideration and settlement by the Convention, for by securing unanimity among the profession the health and happiness of millions would be secured.

REMARKS OF MR. COKERNUTOIL.

MR. COKERNUTOIL, a colored delegate from Savannah, Georgia, agreed in a great measure with the address of their honored President, Professor Stubbly Beard, but some points had been conspicuously neglected. For instance, the rights of the colored men had not been touched upon. If professional colored men shaved white men, should not professional white barbers, as a matter of etiquette, shave colored men, and also cut their hair? It might be urged that colored men's hair was not hair, but wool—yet, even admitting it to be so, the right of having it cut remained.

Mr. Cokernutoil concluded an eloquent speech with a noble peroration, the last words of which were: "This yer thing, I guess, ought to be settled p. d. q."

A lively discussion now took place as to whether Van Beil's Rock and Rye, Bay Rum or Jamaica was the best article. It was ultimately decided that all were very good in their way, but could not be used for the same purpose.

REMARKS OF MASTER DUSTEM.

MASTER DUSTEM, a youthful delegate and representative of barbers'-shop whisk boys, trusted that he was in order in referring to the grievances of the boys he represented.

"I think," said Master Dustem, "that every patient ought to be made to give the boy five cents before leaving the shop. I frequently brush a patient's stove-pipe hat most carefully. I then attack most briskly his shirt-sleeves and the back of his vest with my whisk. I continue the attack while he is putting on his coat, and after all this profuse attention he frequently leaves without giving me a cent.

DELEGATE MATLOCK, from Leadville, Colorado, objected to the question of whisk-brushing being considered by the Convention.

MASTER DUSTEM contended that it was collateral with the objects of the Convention.

Referred to Committee on Buckwheat Cakes.

DELEGATE BRUSHANDCOMB.

DELEGATE BRUSHANDCOMB, from aristocratic Cincinnati, the Paris of America, wished to bring to the notice of the Convention the surpassing excellence of the Electric Hair Brush. Not only will it restore the hair, prevent baldness, but it will, by the perennial supply of "odic force," cure headache, neuralgia, rheumatism and gout, in rather less than no time; it could always be tested by—

DELEGATE CLERICAL ERROR STOUGHTON, ex-Minister to Russia, rose to order. He said that, possessing as he did the most wonderful head of hair in the world, he wished to speak a word for his own Dynamo-Voltaic Comb—but he scarcely thought it within the province of this Convention to discuss the respective merits of hair-brushes, whether electric or otherwise.

The subject was referred to Committee on Clambakes and Pig Iron.

REMARKS OF DELEGATE RASPEM.

DELEGATE RASPEM, from Philadelphia, drew attention to the necessity of new rules for uniformity in shaving, and also spoke of the methods of getting rid of hair on the face. Several recent scientific works had pointed out that very satisfactory results had been obtained by dispensing entirely with shaving brush, lather and razors, and using instead an instrument invented by Professor Edison, called Tweezers. Each single hair was seized by the Tweezers and carefully pulled out.

The Convention, he thought, was bound to recognize scientific discoveries, even if they trenched on regular professional methods.

There were murmurs of disapprobation, but Mr. Raspem had no difficulty in getting the matter referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

At this stage of the proceeding the Convention adjourned to lager and pretzels.

PRIEZ POUR LE MALHEUREUX.

DELEGATED, ere you go
To the Cincinnati Show,
Light the frank incense and myrrh—
Priez pour le Malheureux!

Pelton, nephew of his heart,
Cease thy stupid, bungling part;
No more shines his fame to blur—
Priez pour le Malheureux!

Manton, man of hardened cheek,
Purge thy soul of passion weak;
Heed no more the vulgar slur—
Priez pour le Malheureux!

Weedy Smith, or Smithy Weed,
Stay your everlasting greed;
Mum's your word, and no demur—
Priez pour le Ma'heureux!

Watterson, of Louisville,
Draw the long bow longer still—
Shoot the opposition cur—
Priez pour le Malheureux!

Army of Sam Tilden stand
Foot to foot, and hand to hand,
All together, as you were—
Priez pour le Malheureux!

BEGUM.

TOO LUCKY.

(Continued.)

MY situation was too solemn for slang; but I did want to know what he was giving me for that pistol, and I asked him. He replied with perfect calmness:

"Name yer price."

I thought this was carrying the diversion too far; and I undertook to close the conversation by saying: "Well, sir, I don't propose to take less than one hundred dollars for that pistol; and my terms are cash. Moreover, this is my busy day, and I've got an appointment in ten minutes." I referred to my appointment with Death. But the ghastly levity which I attempted to throw into my tone did not affect my visitor. He pulled an oblong blank-book from his coat-pocket, a Mackinnon pen from his vest ditto, and began to write.

I resolved to snub him by paying no attention to him, and rolling my blood-stained corpse at his feet.

I cocked the pistol. At the sound he looked up, remarked "'Twon't work," and continued to write in the blank-book. I noticed that he wrote in a rather labored fashion, like a man unaccustomed to pen and ink.

"What won't work?" I asked him.

"Pistol," he grunted, finishing his writing with a broad flourish and a gesture of relief.

"Why won't it work?" I demanded, indignant at such an aspersion upon my property. I was not proud about the trunk, but I took an interest in the pistol.

"'Tain't worked," he replied, "sence 1804—the year of the jewel."

"What duel?"

"*What* jewel?—why, snakes and sulphur, man! don't ye know what ye've got thar?"

I stared blankly at him.

"Well," he said, "I won't go back on my offer; but ye don't deserve the money. Look on the lock of that there shootin'-iron."

I looked.

"What do ye see?"

I saw the initials "A. B.," and a many-pointed star, or rather a circle with a number of sharp projections upon its periphery. I told him so.

"Look furder!" he said.

I saw a date—1804.

"Well?" I said: "what does it all mean? Cut the explanation short, because I'm due in the happy land inside of five minutes."

The stranger looked at me as he might have looked at an idiot. I did not like this. I wished to be regarded as a maniac. I considered it more dignified. But he evidently thought me only a fool; for he answered me pityingly:

"Young man, that there pistol is the pistol with which Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton, in the Elysian Fields, near Hoboken, New Jersey, in the year 1804!"

"Oh, is it?" said I, quite unmoved. "Well, now, if you'll go down the street for five minutes, and tell that to some other fellow, I'll add to the record of that firearm in the meanwhile. It's got some more modern killing to do, just at present."

"Not much it hain't," was the decided reply: "here's your check."

He tore a sheet out of the blank-book, and handed it to me.

"I calc'late ye know *thet* name!" he said.

The name was William P. Crow; and to the best of my knowledge I had never heard it before. He smiled cheerfully when I told him so, and did not appear to be offended.

"Well," said he, "mebbe you ain't; but it's pretty well known whar I come from, and it's got a powerful strong draw to it down 't Drexel, Morgan & Co.'s. You jes' take that check thar down to Drexel's, and see for yerself."

I saw that he was in earnest; and I began to realize that I possessed a treasure of antiquity, rich in a peculiarly valuable association with the early history of the United States. But what did this strange customer want of it?

"Are you a collector?" I asked him: "a collector of curiosities?"

"I am, some!" he replied, proudly: "I allow I am jest about the boss in that there line. There *are* men older in the biz 'n I am; but you can bet yer boots, stranger, there ain't many more enterprising. I'm what they call a Californy millionaire. At home I'm called a Pike as has struck it rich. Actooally, I'm from Nevada. I made my pile thar. Come East last Jenuary, with my wife—fine woman, sir—I'd like ye to know her—come East an' went in for style. Collectin' seems to be the boss hand jest now, fer straight style; so I'm collectin'. My wife goes in fer crockery—plates 'n' jugs 'n' sich—hangs 'em up on the walls. Got a—whatchercallum — Westville — yas! Eastlake House—*fine*—I tell yer—come up an' see us. We're a-fillin' it chock full, fast's we can collect. Je-ru-sa-lem! They used to call me Three-Ace Bill out thar in Nevada; but I'm a Royal Flush now, bet yer life."

I had his measure now; but I flung him back his check—that is, I handed it back to him. You don't fling checks at a six-foot gentleman from Nevada. In a few words I explained to him my situation. "I want to commit suicide," I finished; "and you can see for yourself that one hundred dollars isn't an adequate inducement to pause in the execution of my fell design. Whether I get through a hundred dollars in a week or a month, it makes little difference to me; the fatal moment must come sooner or later. Seek not to stay my hand!"

"I ain't," he replied, calmly: "I ain't seekin' to stay nobody's hand! Suicide if you wanter; I ain't got no call to stop ye. All I want is to buy the reversion of that pistol. Anyway, you can't shoot yerself with *that*. 'Tain't got no powder in the pin-hole, an' ye can't get none in. It's choked with rust."

A hasty examination showed that Mr. Crow was right. I looked despairingly at the weapon. My friend helped me out with a suggestion:

"I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll swop pistols with ye. I don't carry one myself, now—it don't seem to be good style; but I'll go out and buy ye the blazingest new-fashion Colt's revolver y'ever seen; an' you can fire yerself off like a gentleman, and keep the check into the bargain. Pin it to yer shirt-front for the coroner to give ye a rousin' stylish plant. What say?"

I said: "All right."

The door closed behind Mr. Crow's broadcloth, and I settled myself on the trunk and waited for his return. A more melancholy intermission between the acts I cannot remember—not even in a temperance theatre.

Yet, when next I heard a knock at the door, the time seemed to have gone with peculiar rapidity; and I began to realize that a firm resolution to commit suicide ought to be carried out while warm, to have any spontaneity about it.

The knock was repeated. Mr. Crow, I thought, had learned something more of the amenities of society during his brief absence; and I called out, "Come in."

It was not Mr. Three-Ace-Bill Crow. The man at the door was a gentleman who can only be described by that vague adjective, portly. He was not a raw Westerner. That I saw at a glance. His double chin, his extensive waist, his generally unctuous and comfortable air, were all evidently the product of a high state of civilization. They indicated wealthy leisure and a French cook. This gentleman had a fortune, and he had lived on it for many years. I wondered, as I looked at him, and felt within me that even approaching Death could not obliterate the sensations due at breakfast time—I wondered whether *he* had ever thought of committing suicide.

"Young man," said the stranger, impressively, as he paused on the door-sill: "You have—"

I interrupted him: "I have the pistol with which Aaron Burr shot Alexander Hamilton, over in Hoboken, I forget the date. Now, how did you know it, and how did the other fellow know it?"

Strange that even the clammy hand of Death can not check curiosity. I felt naturally and healthily inquisitive.

"Has *he* been here?" demanded the old gentleman, raising his umbrella towards heaven: "he crosses my path at every step. Young man, whatever that illiterate person from the West may have offered you, I will increase his bid by fifty per cent. I must have that pistol."

I was enraged by this time:

"You'll neither of you have it," I cried: "unless you explain to me, right here and now, how you came to hear of that pistol."

"I saw it an hour ago at the pawnbrokers," the stout gentleman explained, promptly: "where I frequently go in search of specimens for my historical collection—of which you may have heard—the Billington collection—"

Heavens! this was old Mr. Buckthorn Billington, the father of my unresponsive adoration—the partial and approximate cause of my suicide—my prospective suicide.

"I saw this treasure there," he went on: "I suspected its value, and, to assure myself, I rushed up to the Astor Library—which happened, by some strange chance, to be open at the moment—to assure myself of the marks. You see, the burr was the great traitor's private sign; and there appears to be no doubt that the pistol used by Burr in the duel was thus marked. It was his custom—page 398, vol. 6, Hickenlooper's Life of Aaron Burr. As soon as I had made certain of this, I hurried back to the pawnbroker's, and found that *you* had bought the treasure. He knew you—may heaven bless him!"

He *did* know me, that pawnbroker.

"I hurried here," continued Mr. Billington, "hoping to have headed off my rival—that pestilent silver-miner who has come East to dispute with me my supremacy as the first historical collector of New York. I thought I saw his demon form on the way; I suppose he also saw the pistol and went to the library to look up the authorities; but his defective education probably delayed him; and I trust I am in time to tear this gem from his vandal clutches."

[To be concluded.]

SHAKSPERE STUDIES.

ROMEO AND JULIET—ACT IV.

THE nurse finds, in each of the new cooks, an old crony; crony-logical, in fact, as "they call for dates."—[Sc. 4.

CHINESE cookery obtained, for following the head cooks, with joints, poultry, etc., "enter servants with Spitz."—[Sc. 4.

KNOWING, as she did, Juliet's need of repose, the nurse affects surprise that her young mistress had drest in bed.—[Sc. 5.

FORCED to acknowledge that his daughter is really dead, the poor old man yet clings to the comfort of contradiction, and says: "Death lies on her."—[Sc. 5.

THE father calls his child a sweet flower; perhaps on account of her leaving, or ascent, or that she is become aroma amid the stars.—[Sc. 5.

THE apparently wealthy Capulets "O" for everything, and make an O, O, ful day of it. They croon: "O lamentable day!" till it becomes a damentable lay.—[Sc. 5.

THE progenitor of the good priest is referred to only once, and then in the stage directions: "Friar Laurence and Par is with musicians."—[Sc. 5.

Now that her daughter's thread of life is broken, and to sew lace cannot help her, Lady Capulet is quite anxious to perform this needles work.—[Sc. 5.

WHILE Grief stands, statue-like, chilled to her marble heart with pity for poor Paris, bereaved of his beautiful bride, the smiling imp of compensation peeps round the corner of the sculptured form and observes: "He skipped the mother-in-law!"—[Sc. 5.

THE friar, unable to check Capulet's loud grief, at last yields the point and tells him to "go in."—Sc. 5.

WHILE the heavens have lowered upon the parents, they have flowered the maiden's bier.—[Sc. 5.

PETER asks the musicians: "Can none drum "Heart's Ease"? and tries to snare them into another conundrum.—[Sc. 5. JOHN ALBRO.

THEY HAVE STRUCK IT IN PARIS! The *Petit Journal pour Rire* announces:

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS!

THE TEASE!

A game new, replacing with advantage all the "games of patience" known upto present, is called to become the "grand attraction" of the day. He himself composes of a little exchequer of sixteen pawns numbereds; which themselves lend to some combinations without end. One can read, in the New York *Herald*, that some bets importants are engaged on the solution of such situation given. All recently yet, the *Press Illustrated* was offering a prize of 500 francs to this-him who will find the solution mathematic of this game strongly attaching.

We are in measure to make to profit our subscribers of this Novelty. To send 60 centimes in stamps-posts to the bureau of the *Little Journal for-to-laugh* for it to receive *franco* in France.

A MORNING IN THE MARDIAN WOOD.

WITHIN the radiance of a misty life
The martone spends his way of baleful strife,
And, from the low'ring fret-call of the wood,
The abbé, in his droan and motted hood,
Calls gaily to the wood-link in the vale,
Whistles and "sanks his mead" as with a flail;
While from the bough of some high-reaching pone
Is heard the night-marsh's solitary moan.
Now distant Phoebus breaks the giddy peak,
And flauntering trees the little bushes seek;
While from a gristling rock, wind-scarred and torn,
Is heard the sound of Plainies' merry horn.
The violets, with their modest look of woe,
Seem breaking out with chirp and call and crow.
See! from the vale the plow-boy comes apace,
With such a merry look upon his face,
As hard he leans upon his hurtling staff,
And calls up echoes with his doleful laugh.
A tant-pole hangs in folds about his neck,
Which ever and anon the linnets peck;
The tree-gram gilds his crest of solemn hue,
And all the world seems bursting out anew.
How oft do we in guiltless hours' mood,
Seem thinking how the mind is best renewed,
And, with a mournful glimpse of what is past,
Try to remember that it cannot last.
As we grow young again in sin and crime,
Alas! there seems to come to all a time
When, like the tree-gram's plume of solemn black,
The sins of future years come graveling back.
But now the sun has burst the clouds apart,
And life in wood and vale doth seem to start
The linnet, tree-gram, and the wood-link grey,
With night-marsh join and sing a roundelay.

MORAL.

Thus have we seen that nature, calm and still
Thro' the long night, can teach us what it will.

LIGHT AND SHADE IN THE LIFE OF A TRAMP.



JERSEY TRAMP.
MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS.



MASSACHUSETTS TRAMP.
THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW MUST BE ENFORCED.

ROMANCE AND REALITY—(REALITY IN BRACKETS.)*

FORGET thee! yes, when memory
Recalls no more the cloudless sky,
(The weather there was never dry,)
The rushing streams, the deep blue lakes,
(Lagoons and ponds filled with snakes,)
The shady dells, the tangled brakes,
The purple hills, the mountains grand,
The forests of my native land,
(The country's flat "perara," and
Without a bush as high's your hand).

Forget thee! Yes, when I forget
The trysting-place where first we met,
(Where both caught cold from getting wet,)
That lowly cot where first I knew
A mother's love so warm and true,
(She used to spank me "black and blue,")
The "infant prayers" she nightly said
When I was snugly tucked in bed,
(I've seen them since, to my surprise,
In Mother Goose's Melodies,)—
When these shall all forgotten be,
Then I shall cease to think of thee!

When Memory from her throne is cast,
(I hope she'll stick, though, hard and fast,)
When this true heart is still at last,
(I mean when Gabriel blows his blast),
When the long grass shall sadly wave
Above my lone, forgotten grave,
(But length of days I fondly crave,)
When "life's strange, fitful fever's o'er,"
(That is, when I'm at least six score,)—
Then I'll forget thee—not before.

J. C. DUVAL.

* Verses written to my sweetheart, Jenny Brown, on receipt of a bunch of "Forget-me-nots," with comments interpolated several years afterwards, when time had been given for cool reflection and the "sober second thought."

A VERY OPEN LETTER.

GALENA, ILL.,
June 14th, 1880.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I learn with much regret and equal astonishment that my name was presented at the recent National Convention of the Republican party, held at Chicago, Ills., as a Candidate for the Presidency of the United States. How this ever occurred I cannot conceive. I can only attribute it to the ill-advised officiousness of a person named—I believe—Conkling.

I never thought for an instant of committing the crime of running for the Presidency a third time. I have always respected the traditions of my predecessors. I have always believed, and I believe now—more than ever—that to establish the precedent of a third return to a chair the occupancy of which is limited by constitutional provision would be to undermine a tradition whose moral influence on the country cannot be over-estimated—the tradition of Legislation by Representation, which demands that the Executive power—the man who is the check on all legislation, as well as the instrument by which it is carried out—shall be simply the incarnation of a popular wish, formulated during the four years of his predecessor's administration.

I know, as well as any one else—as well as Mr. Dana of the *Sun*, even—that to elect a man three times to the office of President would be to set an example which would be followed some day with the most disastrous consequences. Do you think that of all the Presidents of the United States, I, who have twice enjoyed the highest testimonial of the people's confidence, would peril my country's future to gratify a mean personal ambition?

Far from it. If my name was presented at the recent Convention, it was without my knowledge or consent. I scarcely believe that anyone really went so far as to place me in so false and compromising a position before the world; but if anyone did, I can only say that it was wholly upon his own responsibility, and all bills should be sent to him.

I learn that I am accused even of bribing delegates to vote for me. I wish to deny, most emphatically, any participation in such an outrageous scheme. All delegates who were thus misled will have to settle it with Mr. R. Conkling.

I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,
U. S. G——T.

P. S.—Fred will call upon you in a few days. He has some little ideas for 1884. I don't know, myself, what they are; but please treat the boy kindly, because he is a West Point graduate, and, I am sure, has the best interests of the country at heart. U. S. G.

SURPRISING, BUT PLEASANT.

MR. JAMES F. WENMAN must know by this time that our intention is to be quite fair to him. We think he is a poor public officer; because, since he has been at the head of his department, the parks of this city have been in uniformly bad condition. But we have always given him credit for the good he has done—even for the evil he has omitted to do. To-day it is our agreeable duty to give him a square, old-fashioned puff. In the first place, he has abstained from injuring Stuyvesant Square for several months. The empty places of the beautiful trees he has cut down last winter still mourn in their bareness that act of vandalism; but the surveyors who infested that place a while ago have done nothing worse than to lay out newer and more angular paths, which are being cut at the rate of one foot a day, and are at present impassable. That, however, is nothing; and when we learn that Mr. Wenman has taken the first steps to remove that usurping nuisance, the Elevated Railway, from the Battery Park, we really begin to believe that the idol of South Street stevedores is going in for the laurels and golden crowns of official glory. If he is, we will be among the first to subscribe for the coronation evergreens.

HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

IT is our pleasing task to make room for a really funny and clever composition from an English comic journal. We beg our readers not to be too excited or alarmed at what will be a most unusual experience, for we admit that to spring such a thing upon them without giving at least a week's notice is rather a severe ordeal to which to subject them.

(*From the London Funny Folks.*)

THE VERY LATEST THING IN INDEPENDENCE.

[The editor of the *Jeames's Gazette*, in advertising his secession from the *Pall Mall* to start this new Jingo print, speaks of it as "an independent little paper."]

Curse Gladstone's name on every page,
And shriek when Chamberlain is mentioned;
Find only Tory councils sage,
And only Tories well intentioned.
Use oil of vitriol to "dress"
The shredded chat of each club-gaper;
Throw in a jibe, and call the mess
"An independent little paper!"

Make Beaky's tinseled godhead shine
With praises neither few nor scanty;
Dance ever near the idol's shrine,
A tipsy journalist-Bacchante!
Run on within a narrow groove;
Be meek diurnal bow-and-scraper
To "good society;" and you've
"An independent little paper."

In fine, see Tory soot so white
That mortal optics scarce can bear it;
See Liberal snow as black as night,
And that of course will nicely square it.
Out-Herod every Jingo sheet
In recklessness of Party caper;
Then coolly ask John Bull to greet
"An *independent* little paper!"

PUCK ON WHEELS!

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—They will admit her to the convention.

C. MAVERICK.—Have patience yet a little, and you will know all.

"——. . ——".—You are technically right; but the laws of perspective account for the discrepancy.

JOSEPH H. R—y.—1: See PUCK, No. 117, for June 4th, 1879, this column, answer to E. C. Smith. 2: General Grant is a poor man to interview just at present.

SYLVAN DREY.—We don't know anything about your contribution. This is the first time we have had the pleasure of meeting with your lively and peculiar orthography.

MODEST INQUIRER.—We have no objection to letting you know who was responsible for the unsigned cartoon in our last number. It was a new artist, who has never before been introduced to fame. That picture was the greatest effort of his life, and, when he made it, he died.

LIP-CHIN.—You want us to "inquire of Fitznoodle, Esq., if in the picture of himself, which appears in your paper, at the head of his letters, the projection just below the moustache is intended to represent his chin or his underlip. If it is his lip, then where is his chin?" It is his lip. We give you his chin a little lower down in the column.

AARON ISAACS.—Come, now, Mr. Isaacs, did you really think that we meant to imply approval of any mean persecution of the Jewish race, by a mere trivial skit on an absurd possibility of the Staten Island affair? Fun is free, and we laugh at what is laughable, whenever we find it; but if the Jews never had a worse enemy than PUCK, the Kingdom of Israel would be pretty comfortably established by this time.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS ETC. JONES, Washington.—If your letter was designed to make us believe that you invented that wearied, senile joke about "crow-cuss" and "mill-dam," it was a dead failure. We wouldn't believe Noah, if he came to this office, and said he made it. We are inclined to think that it was a collaboration of the pterodactyl and the megalosaurus, in some primeval period ending in *ene*. That's about the size of it.

P. T——., Quebec.—When we get an offer like this:

QUEBEC, March 11, 1880.

DEAR SIR:

Will you send me, please, your valuable paper for one year, will be agent for you in Canada; and if you have some money to collect in Quebec send me all your accounts and I will collect for you at moderate commission.

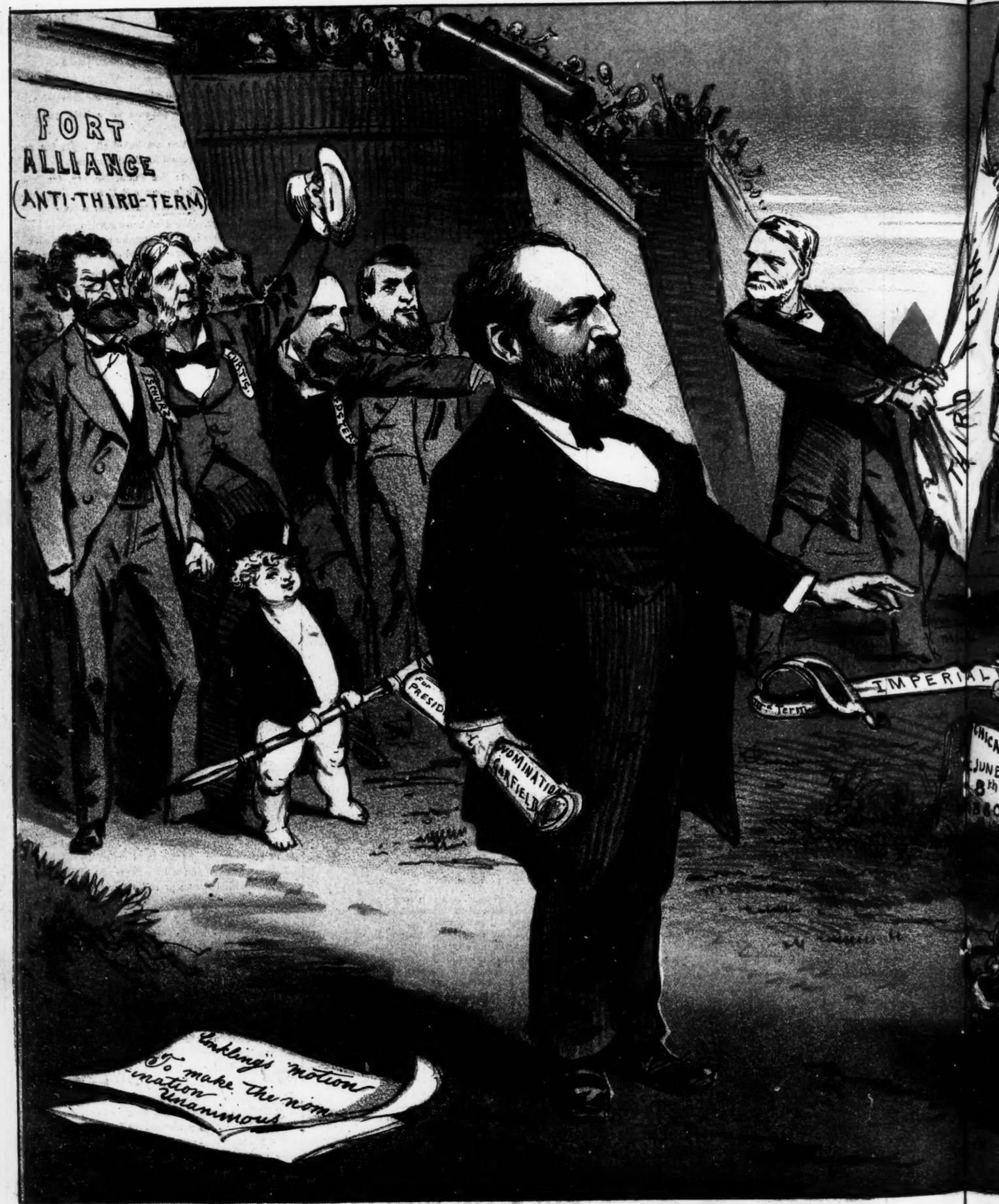
P. T——.,
24 Sutherland Street, Quebec,

we let it lie a month or two, and then respectfully decline it.

A FAULT-FINDER.—We should sympathize with you if you had any ground for complaint. But your allowance of PUCK literature has not been cut off by the press of advertisements. If you will use the faculty of observation with which kind Nature probably dowered you, you will find that whenever the business department oversteps the limits allotted to it, we *do* issue a supplement—that is, an extra sheet of four pages, which gives rather more reading matter than usual. We bind it in with the paper, and don't advertise it on every page; but it is all there, and you are in nowise skimped.

PHILADELPHIA.—We may be, in fact, we are, "the only independent paper in the country;" but we knew it long before you told it to us; so your little preliminary compliment didn't affect, to any appreciable extent, our judgement on your exquisite composition, to which we award the palm for startling ingenuity. It is not so much that you are almost alone in your brilliant idea of parodying the Policemen's Song from the 'Pirates of Penzance;' though that is something—but the utter unconventionality with which you have performed the feat merits our warmest approbation. There have never been but two men who could discard rhyme and metre as you have done. One of them is Walt Whitman; the other is dead. We killed him last year.

The Crown Tooth Brushes clean and polish the teeth. Bristles warranted not to come out.



THE APPOMATTOX OF THE THIRD TERM



D TERMERS—UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

A LEAF FROM THE SKETCH BOOK



Of Puck's Special Artist At Chicago.

OFFICERS, BUT NOT GENTLEMEN.

IT is not so very long ago that the country was startled with the announcement of a brutal outrage upon the colored cadet Whittaker at West Point. We very clearly expressed our opinion at the time that it made very little difference if the outrage was or was not committed. If not, the young charity soldiers were quite capable of doing it if they had the chance, as they have proved to their own and everybody else's satisfaction, over and over again.

Now we are regaled with a one-sided shooting affray between two sucking West Pointers, wherein one of these incipient warriors had a narrow escape of losing his life. This unpleasantness, it is true, did not occur at West Point itself, but at a preparatory school for that institution; but still it was, practically, as if it had taken place at the Academy itself.

An unlicked Texan cub, who, in accordance with the manners and customs of his large, but primitive, State, carried a pistol, fired it at an Ohioan cub who did not carry a pistol. The Ohioan cub, in common with many of his comrades, had been doing his best to annoy the young Texan savage, who, with savage instincts, retaliated, nearly killing the would-be hazer on the spot.

Of course the Texan boy ought not to have been allowed to carry a pistol—and if he did carry one, he ought to have had sufficiently gentlemanly instincts not to have used it on small provocation. But one might as well talk of gentlemanly instincts in a Texan candidate for West Point as speak of ball-room etiquette in a bear.

If the young Ohioan had known how to behave himself, he would not have attempted anything approaching to the vulgar, barbarous horse-play called "hazing." But to expect a son of a petty office-holder to know anything of manners, would be like asking Messrs. Goss and Ryan to model their lives on Chesterfieldian formulas.

Our opinion regarding the class from whom our army and navy cadets are recruited is but confirmed. An Annapolis or West Point man is very rarely a gentleman by instinct or breeding. He may acquire a certain amount of polish by education and by mingling with people better than himself, but the cloven foot will peep out at some time or other, be he Admiral or General. He is usually vastly inferior to any army or navy officer of any European power.

You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; and, so long as West Point and Annapolis are filled with the protegés of Congressmen and political hacks, so long will the boys have the same manners as their patrons, and, in course of time, become officers without being gentlemen.

Indeed, the time may not be far distant when it will be considered as disreputable to associate with army or navy officers as it is now with many clergymen, more lawyers, and all politicians.

A Condensed Acquaintance.

"Do I know him? *Do* I? Well, I should rather think I did. Lived eighteen months in his house during—lemme see—what year was it? Oh, yes—'71."

The Right Man in the Right Place.

We understand that Mr. Ryan, having successfully practised upon Mr. Goss, considers himself in proper training for a Manhattan Beach waiter, and will apply for the position immediately.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

THE OCEAN.

OH, shun the ocean's wave, unless you'd waive
Safety from sickness of the sea, and see
Yourself so ill you'd gravely wish the grave
Would ope, and wretched retching cease to be!
Some grassy lea you'd see upon the lee,
And wish that you could land upon the land,
Since all your food so freely seemed set free,
But vainly you would come with such command,
Unless the ship should strand upon some unknown strand.

The seas, on seasonable days, hie high
When mighty winds blow up the deeps below,
And sea-foam's raised far up towards the sky,
While wavelets into mighty billows grow;
No mister then the mystery can know
Of all that's hid beneath the hideous waves,
To which, in vain, woe loudly cries out whoa;
Without a caveat to ocean's caves
Their prey unwavering waves sweep swift as if to graves.

Some memorable days does memory bring,
When almost at see-saw one saw the sea,
Sometimes far skyward giant waves 'twould fling,
Sometimes its breast as smooth as glass would be;
When rocked the ship with huge rocks on its lee,
And gentle winds blew waves of blueish hue
From every danger seemed the sea then free;
Yet, when o'er ocean blue the fierce wind blew,
It's true, with wrecks the rocky shore swift did it strew.

Oh, shun the ocean's breast, unless you'd breast
Raw northern winds with their terrific roar,
And meet the waves as they swell high and crest,
And see its hungry maw gape wide for more
Of human prey, though there's crore in its craw!
O shun the ocean's tide, lest there betide
To you some woe: safe shoar yourself on shore,
And by some quiet brooklet ever bide,
Where, in past days, some dainty maid sighed by your side.

Arthur Lot.

WHY don't they have an examination in color-blindness at West Point?—*Phila. Bulletin.*

WELL, now, the question is, will a West Point cadet lie, or won't he? It is greatly feared that he w—.—*Hawkeye.*

So many of Lorillard's horses have been scratched in England that one is led to think they have been running for office.—*N. O. Picayune.*

BOB INGERSOLL, after all, is not quite an atheist. He believes in the efficacy of the red flannel shawl upon an audience of taurine emotions.—*N. Y Telegram.*

A LINE in a Welsh poem reads: "Mi ganaf i chwi ganu am fy rwyrth Pete." We advise Pete to do nothing of the kind. It would be injudicious.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE Chicago hotel-clerk looks at the papers hastily in the morning, and not seeing any notice of his scarfpin, believes that the dark horse will be the candidate.—*New York Herald.*

SWINBURNE, the poet, in one of his poems, once called the Prince of Wales "a thin worm crowned and curled." Wales is a pretty thick worm, now, and as bald as an anti-third-term Chicago *Tribune* article.—*Disappointed N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

THE arithmetic teachers do not now dare ask a third-term question in arithmetic. One of them tried it the other day. Said she, "Johnny, what is a unit?" Said he, "My father says it is a dodge of Conkling's, and that he'll do as he pleases."—*Boston Transcript.*

A GANG of burglars were a burgling at Long Island the other day, and they stole a set of Appleton's Cyclopedia. This shows that there is a commendable thirst for knowledge among this class of night workers that has hitherto been unsuspected. No doubt these cracksmen came from Boston. When an enterprising burglar isn't burgling he likes to lie a basking in the sun, with the Cyclopedia volumes him encircling, to read the books all over, one by one.—*Detroit Free Press.*

GENUINE

Brown's Ginger

such as we knew in the Nursery. TAKE NO OTHER. Remember! There are MANY Counterfeits and Imitations.

FREDERICK BROWN,

PHILADELPHIA.

A. FRANKFIELD & CO.,

JEWELERS.

FINE GOLD & SILVER WATCHES.

DIAMONDS & JEWELS.

Corner 14th Street & 6th Ave.

THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS

Apollinaris

ANNUAL SALE 8 000.000.

CAUTION.

To insure obtaining the genuine **Apollinaris**, see that the **corks** bear the **Apollinaris brand.**

PUCK ON WHEELS!

25 beautiful Fancy Cards, splendidly assorted, will be sent upon receipt of 25c.
MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN,
21–25 Warren St., New York.

"Silence in Court," cried the Judge, "until I can pronounce **Blackwell's Fragrant Durham Bull Smoking Tobacco**, the very best Smoking Tobacco. Always reliable, uniform in quality, full weight, never bites the tongue, and as sweet as the rose."

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations!

BOKER'S BITTERS.

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure. It is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.

L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, P. O. Box 1029, 78 John St., N. Y.

DOCUTA CAPSULETS.

Safe and reliable cure for Kidney Complaints, and Diseases of the Urinary Organs. Recent or Chronic. They will cure any recent case in seven days. The word **Docuta** is on every box. Price per box, with full directions, Capsulets (small size) 75 cents. Capsules (large size) $1.50. At all Drug Stores. Mailed on receipt of price by **DUNDAS DICK & CO.**, 35 Wooster Street, New York. Circulars free.

ANGOSTURA LIQUEUR,

The finest and purest sweet Cordial in existence.

Prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS,

The manufacturers of the world renowned

ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

J. H. HANCOX, Sole Agent, 51 Broadway, N. Y.

DR. HURD'S NEURALGIA PLASTER MAILED ON THE RECEIPT of 25 cents. Address Dr. HURD, 32 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Postage Stamps Received.

Carl H. Schultz's Carbonic, Selters & Vichy.

860 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE THREE STANDARD TABLE WATERS.

Highly Sparkling and absolutely pure.
Unsurpassed as diluents for wines and liquors.
The favorite table drink of a host of families, including over two hundred of the principal physicians.
For sale in all hotels, clubs, wine rooms and drug stores.
Shipped in boxes of 50 large bottles to all parts of the country.

LONDON HARNESS AGENCY,

124 FIFTH AVENUE,

Between 17th and 18th Streets, New York.

E. M. EARLE

Invites attention to his Spring importation of LONDON (WEST END) HARNESS, made of the best Oak-Tanned Leather, and Mountings in SILVER, plated by hand on German Silver. Mountings in BRASS are solid, warranted to outwear anything made in this country.

MR. EARLE is prepared to furnish a set of SINGLE, DOUBLE, TANDEM or FOUR-IN-HAND Harness, suitable for any style or weight of carriage. He will execute orders in three days, sending the Harness home, with Crests or Monograms, ready for use, and will guarantee satisfaction.

☞ Saddles, Bridles, Horse Clothing, Driving Aprons of cloth to match lining of carriages, for gentlemen and coachmen, and Stable Furnishing Goods, Coachmen's Top Boots, Collars, Scarfs, and Liveries, all of the latest style and best material and workmanship, at much lower prices than are charged by City manufacturers for Interior.

Greenfield's

909 BROADWAY, near 20th St.

Delicious Fresh

CANDIES

sent to any part of the country on receipt of money. One Dollar per pound. Express prepaid.

J. LUDOVICI'S

STUDIO

AND

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY,

CRAYON PORTRAITS

A SPECIALTY.

889 BROADWAY, Corner 19th Street.

THOMAS LORD.

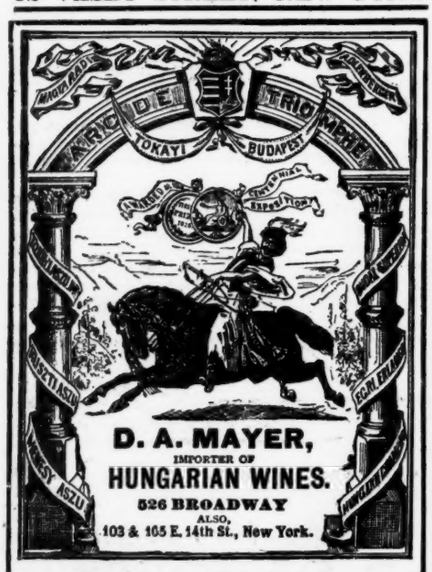
JULES MUMM & CO'S CHAMPAGNES.

Introduced in America in 1852.
The genuine Jules Mumm has a black necklabel bearing the inscription "JULES MUMM & CO., REIMS," in gold letters.
The corks are also branded with full firm name.

THE CELEBRATED
KRONTHAL
Natural Mineral Water,

which received First Prize and Gold Medal at Munich 1879, as the most wholesome and most palatable table water for daily use.

L. SOMBORN & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,
12 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.



THE ONLY HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES WHERE HUNGARIAN WINES ARE SOLD, WHICH HAS BEEN AWARDED FOR "PURITY" AND "SUPERIOR QUALITY" BY THE CENTENNIAL COMMISSIONERS, 1876.
No connection with any other House in the United States.

THE PUREST CHAMPAGNE

DE VENOGE & CIE CHAMPAGNE EPERNAY

IMPORTED IN THE U. S.

L. DE VENOGE,
37 South William Street, New York.
GENERAL AGENT.
For Sale by all the Principal Wine Merchants and Grocers.

A. STOECKLEIN,
318 Grand Street, bet. Allen & Orchard Sts., New York,
IMPORTER OF
RHINE, FRENCH & SPANISH WINES,
ALSO,
Ohio, California, Missouri, Delaware and Virginia Wines; Genuine Port and Sherry Wines;
AS WELL AS THE
BEST BRANDS OF COGNAC & CHAMPAGNES.

HE RECKONED HE DID.

It is not intended that some men shall marry peacefully. Bill Skittles lives in South Arkansas. For the past six months he has been studying for the ministry, and it occurred to Bill several days ago that just before instituting a revival it would be a good thing to get married. He mentioned the subject to a young lady, and asked her to share his ministerial melancholy and hilarity; but the young lady said she had promised to marry Zeb Monk, the professional well-cleaner of the neighborhood.

"Oh, well," said the minister, "I am pretty well acquainted with Zeb, and I don't believe he'd kick."

The young lady finally agreed and the wedding day was fixed.

Grand preparations were made. The girl's brothers had caught a couple of 'possums, and the old lady had baked an immense sweet-potato-pie. The Justice of the Peace had arrived. The parties took their places. The Justice proceeded with the ceremony, when Zeb Monk walked in and demanded:

"Let up thar, boss. Say, cap'n, turn that gal loose."

"I reckon I won't," replied Bill.

"Well, then," said Zeb, drawing a revolver, "I'll kinder resort to extremities."

"See here," remarked Bill, "are you in earnest about this thing?"

"I reckon I am."

"Do you mean hog's head and turnip-greens?"

"I reckon I do."

"Right down to corn-bread and cabbages?"

"I reckon it is."

"Well, then, you can take the gal. It was only sweet milk and pie with me; I'm in fun. I had a new pair of trousers and didn't know what to do with 'em. Come a little closer. Is it spareribs and backbones?"

"I reckon it is."

"Then I know the gal is your'n." And with a slight change in the license, the marriage proceeded.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

ONE of our most enterprising stockbrokers had occasion, a few days since, to call on a customer for additional margin. He had prepared himself for almost any excuse which the man might offer for delay, but he confessed himself quite unable to cope with the ingenuity which inspired the following reply: "My dear fellow, that's all right. Why, bless your heart, I'm so anxious to accommodate you that I've sold a piece of property worth $100,000; but my aged grandmother has an eighth interest in it, and just as she was going to sign the deed she had a stroke of paralysis. Just my luck!" —*Hour.*

PUCK ON WHEELS!

That furred tongue, bad tasting mouth and miserable feeling says you need Hop Bitters.

Removed—SCHALL & CO., Ornamental Confectioners, from 388 Pearl St. to their new building, 61 Barclay St.
MARTIN KEPPLER.
MINA SCHALL.

"Puck" Liliputian Safety Razor



IS WARRANTED
To Shave Clean
WITHOUT
CUTTING THE SKIN

H. B. CLAFLIN & CO.,
140 Church St.,
NEW YORK,
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

John Heitner, Patentee,
1298 Broadway, N. Y.

G. H. MUMM & CO'S CHAMPAGNE,
IMPORTATION IN 1879,
49,312 CASES,
OR
22,526 Cases MORE
than of any other brand.

CAUTION.—Beware of imposition or mistakes, owing to the great **similarity of caps and labels,** under which **inferior brands** of Champagne are sold.

In ordering **G. H. MUMM & CO.'S** Champagne, see that the **labels** and **corks** bear its **name** and **initials.**

FRED'K. DE BARY & CO.,
New York,
Sole Agents in the U. S. and Canadas.

A. WERNER & CO.,
308 Broadway, N. Y.
(A. WERNER, formerly with G. H. MUMM & Co., Reims with well-known Champagne House.)

Vintage
1878
Just out.

Compares favorably with either Piper Heidsieck or MUMM EXTRA DRY.

"THE AMERICA"
EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE.

RUINART PERE & FILS Established 1729 **CHAMPAGNES.**
Connoisseurs pronounce recent shipments of these Wines to be unequaled in quality.
Verzenay, dry, full bodied, rich flavor.
Carte Blanche, Fruity, delicate flavor, not too dry.
DODGE, CAMMEYER & CO.,
16 Cortlandt St., Sole Agents for the United States.

HOTEL BRIGHTON,
Coney Island,
J. H. BRESLIN,
NOW OPEN.

MONICO VILLA,
148th St. and St. Nicholas Ave.
THE LEADING
FAMILY HOTEL AND ROAD HOUSE IN NEW YORK.
LOUIS SCHWARTZ, Proprietor.

C. PFAFF'S RESTAURANT,
9 W. 24th St. near Broadway, N. Y.
Breakfast from 7 A. M. to 1 P. M. 50 cents.—Table d'hote from 5—8 P. M. $1.00, incl. ½ bottle wine.
Meals at all hours. Furnished rooms to let.

THE snobbishness of the *nouvelle élite* in 'Frisco has become a well-worn theme, but we think the following anecdote "out-Herods Herod" in *parvenu* snobocracy. Among the acquaintances of a Taylor-street magnate was a representative of the ancient State of Virginia, who prided herself upon her F. F. V., inwardly considering *she* was the one who paid the compliment in calling, and was not the one complimented in being received. But one day, soon after the ascendancy of Nob Hill aristocracy, she was amazed, on presenting her card at the Taylor-street mansion, to find the servant inspect her from head to foot, and then return her card with the remark: "My mist'ess's orders are very strict, mum; sorry can't admit you to-day, but we don't receive people *twice* in the same costoom." How is that for style? Another resident of the same locality, when revising her visiting list on her husband's sudden accession to some unexpected bonanza, struck from it the names of those ladies she had previously known who did not own carriages, remarking: "One must draw the line somewhere." What was her delight, a short time afterwards, at seeing drawn up before her door the carriage of a lady whose acquaintance she was more than anxious to cultivate, but her annoyance and chagrin was unbounded at receiving from her servant's lips the message: "Mrs. Elite's compliments, and she has sent her carriage to call on Mrs. Cash." Who can say she was not served perfectly right? —*S. F. News-Letter.*

HE was dressed like a working man, and was undoubtedly a house-painter, but in the meantime he gazed intently at the beautifully trimmed tail of the mule. An idea struck him, and, turning to the driver, he said: "I know how you can make a quarter." "How so?" asked the driver. "When nobody is looking you cut off that mule's tail and I'll give you a quarter for it. It would make a splendid paint-brush." The driver said it was not his mule. —*Galveston News.*

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH,

A REMARKABLE INVENTION.



Which has won its way to Royal favor in England, been cordially endorsed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and written upon by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, is now brought to the notice of the American Public. It cures by natural means, will always do good, never harm, and is a remedy lasting for many years. It should be used daily in place of the ordinary Hair Brush.

IT IS WARRANTED TO CURE NERVOUS AND BILIOUS HEADACHE, OR NEURALGIA, IN FIVE MINUTES. POSITIVELY REMOVE SCURF AND DANDRUFF, PREVENT FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS, WHILE PROMOTING A HEALTHY AND VIGOROUS GROWTH OF THE HAIR. IT ALSO GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF TO THE WEARIED BRAIN.

IT NEVER FAILS TO PRODUCE A RAPID GROWTH OF HAIR ON BALD HEADS, where the Glands and Follicles are not totally destroyed.

Proprietors: The Pall Mall Electric Association of London.
NEW YORK BRANCH: 842 Broadway.

Mentone, Feb. 16th, 1879.
"The Hair entirely ceased coming out, and Baldness was averted."
[Extract—letter from Lady Sheffield.]

Over 7000 similar Testimonials have been received. The originals can be seen at our Office.

"Over 1,300,000 in use, an honest remedy worthy of all praise."—British Medical Index.

9 Goodwin St., Bradford, England, Dec. 19th, 1878.

"My Aunt writes me they are the greatest blessing to her, as in all cases they relieve her at once. My hair is growing rapidly, the bald place being quite covered. I do think you ought to make these things known, for the benefit of others, as I am convinced it is the best Hair Renewer yet put before the public.
Yours truly, J. JEWETT."

Longfleet, January 21st, 1879.

"I have never known them to fail in curing a bad headache. They are an excellent remedy for Scurf or Dandruff, with which I was troubled, but am now cured.
Yours faithfully, W. G. WILLIAMS, Chemist."

[FROM THE LONDON PERFUMERS AND HAIR DRESSERS GAZETTE.]
"We have personally seen most remarkable cures of Baldness effected by their use."

[FROM ALLEN PEARCE & CO., WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.]
Bristol, England, February, 1879.
"The effect was really astounding, removing the pain after a few minutes. As far as real value, they are worth a Guinea each."

A BEAUTIFUL BRUSH,

PURE BRISTLES, NOT WIRES!!

Sent post-paid on receipt of $3.00. Money returned if not as represented.

All remittances should be made payable to GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York. Pamphlet of Testimonials sent post-paid on application.

VAN BEIL'S
"RYE AND ROCK"

Is the best Tonic yet discovered and is a sure cure and preventive of

MALARIA, LUNG, THROAT and VOCAL *DISORDERS.*

Recommended by leading Physicians and adopted by the Clergy and other Professionals.

PRICE $1.00 PER LARGE BOTTLE.

Ask your Druggist or Grocer for VAN BEIL'S **"RYE and ROCK,"** and if not for sale in your town, send us **$1 25** and we will forward a sample bottle (charges paid) by Express to any Express Station East of Mississippi River.

N. VAN BEIL & CO.,
842, 844 and 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

☞ Genuine **"RYE and ROCK"** is for sale *only in bottles* and must have this signature on label.

N Van Beil

JAMES McCREERY & Co.
BROADWAY ELEVENTH ST.

NEW YORK.

Have on Sale a Large Purchase of

(JOB LOT)

FOULARD, LOUISINE,

AND OTHER

SUMMER SILKS,

At a Little Over Half Their Value.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.



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Gentlemen's Hats

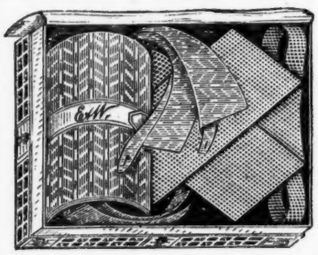
174 Fifth Ave., BETWEEN 22d & 23rd STREETS,

179 Broadway, NEAR CORTLANDT STREET

NEW YORK.

EARL & WILSON'S

C. C. & R. S.



FANCY SETS,

CONSISTING OF

COLLARS, CUFFS, AND REVERSIBLE SCARFS,

MADE OF HANDSOMELY DESIGNED

FINE FRENCH PERCALES.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS RETAIL FURNISHING GOODS DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

KEEP'S SHIRTS,

GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c.

Samples and Circulars mailed free.

KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

1299 Broadway, bet. 33rd and 34th Sts. } N. Y. { 341 Fulton St. 637 Broadway. } Brooklyn.

J. H. JOHNSTON, Jeweler,

150 Bowery, N. Y.

Headquarters for the purchase and sale of

DUPLICATE WEDDING PRESENTS.

Wanted; 5000 ounces Silverware, highest price paid. Goods refinished and sold below wholesale rates. Watches by instalment plan. Diamonds und Jewelry below wholesale rates.

Established 1838.

PACHTMANN & MOELICH,



Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers in **Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Solid Silver & Plated Wares.**

363 CANAL STREET,

Betw. S. 5th Ave. & Wooster St., NEW YORK

Bargains in every department.

American Watches, $7. Stem Winders, $13 Solid 14 k. Gold American Stem Winders, $50 Diamond Studs, $10. and upwards. Wedding Rings, $3. and upwards.

The largest assortment of Jewelry at lowest prices.

Repairing of every description neatly executed.

GOODS SENT C. O. D. TO ANY PART OF THE U. S.

Send for Price List.

Waldstein, Expert Optician,

known in Vienna, Paris, St. Petersburg and London for upwards of a Century, and in New York for forty years.

Eyes fitted with suitable glasses. Consultation, inquiry and correspondence solicited from those, whose sight is impaired.

Only the finest Optical Goods kept on Stock, which the Public are respectfully invited to inspect.

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"YES, Elfrida," says the *Hawkeye*, tearfully, "this is a world of transitory things. Everything changes in this world, except the circus and Mary Anderson's age."

CENSUS-TAKERS are to be paid by the number of names they collect, and several men have declined the job in the town where Alvarado Buoncompagni and Higalmar Zabrieskowatschiyera reside.—*Boston Post.*

BARNUM has sworn his circus is worth only $60,000, but even that is a good price. We've seen circuses that weren't worth two cents. Besides, you must bear in mind that Barnum was laboring under the excitement of talking to a tax collector.—*Boston Post.*

"Do you think a man can run a circus and be a Christian?" asked the serious man. "Well, I don't know—yes." "Do you think Barnum, for instance, can go to heaven?" "I think he has a good show," was the rather equivocal reply. Strange that some men can never be serious.—*Boston Transcript.*

AND now the Oilymargarine manufacturers have taken the wind out of the sails of their persecutors by gravely announcing that hereafter they will prosecute to the full extent of the law all imitations of the color and appearance of their wares by the constructors of "ordinary boarding-house" butter. This is as it should be, and it looks now as though the patient, down-trodden hash-chewer of the toiling masses was at last sure of some protection.—*San Francisco Post.*

A SCULPTOR'S wife had her husband arrested in Cincinnati the other day for assault and battery, because, as she testified, on the occasion of her going to his studio to inform him that the woman across the way had eloped, he struck her in the face with a huge mass of mud. The sculptor explained that the occasion referred to was the first time for years he had seen a pleasant look on his wife's face, and therefore he hastened to take a clay cast of her features, so as to catch the expression for use on a bust he intended to model. The court dismissed the case.—*San Francisco Post.*

Oh, why will you let that invalid friend suffer that Hop Bitters will so certainly cure.



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Patent granted March 16th, 1880.

Um die der *Portrait-Photographie* anhaftenden Mängel der Ueberschärfe und Härte zu beseitigen, hat man seit Jahren Experimente gemacht, ohne ein befriedigendes Resultat zu erzielen.

Der Vorwurf, dass die Photographie zu viel Gewicht auf das Unwesentliche im Kopfe lege, ist vollkommen gerechtfertigt; es wird dies durch die Eigenschaft der Linse bedingt, welche im Gegensatz zu dem Künstlerauge ein Bild hervorbringt, bei dem eine Menge unwichtiger Details die Hauptsache erdrückt.

Mein neues Verfahren, den zu Portraitirenden durch eine Schicht *heisser vibrirender*) Luft zu photographiren, beseitigt diese Uebelstände und liefert ein Bild, welches charakteristische Köpfe mit markirten Zügen, Gesichter mit Sommersprossen, aber besonders ältere Leute vollkommen weich und künstlerisch erscheinen lässt, und das die Aehnlichkeit schädigende Retouchiren auf ein Minimum reduzirt.

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Such as at times e'en you have had,
O smooth-tongued citizen!
For, just as other men,
You're far from perfect, and I'm glad
To find at this you don't get mad,
Which would indeed be very sad
A thing for me to pen,
And quick have struck
From tell-tale type, so every cad,
Or cynic braced with liver-pad,
Could swear exactly when
You swore like troopers ten—
The practice vile of frauds, bedad!
Cartooned by PUCK.

—Erratic Enrique, in N. Y. Daily News.

IT is possible that Cadet Whittaker may be retired on half pay, on account of wounds received in service.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THERE are now about 200,000 Christians in China, and they can soon begin to send missionaries to the United States.—*Boston Post.*

THE attitude of Greece at this time recalls Byron's famous line: "'Tis Oilymargarine, but living Oilymargarine no more."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A CORRESPONDENT asks us how dogs should be clipped. As this is the season when dogs are clipped, we give the recipe in full. First obtain a dog; then get a good large hickory club. Prepare your dog by tying him to a post, and then clip him over the head with the club about five hundred times.—*Oil City Derrick.*

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A FRIEND - No, we are not going to Europe this Summer. Our congregation cannot afford it.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

THE Boston *Commercial Bulletin* informs us that the King of Oilymargarine—George, of Greece—is visiting Paris.

THERE are three men in jail at Ozark, Ark., charged with murder. The remarkable thing about this case is that the men are in jail.—*Boston Post.*

THE man who has nothing to do can make a fortune by hunting crows. The demand for this class of meat will be enormous during the next few days.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

"I LIKE hot weather best," said a Philadelphia girl, "because it makes pa and ma so sleepy that they don't come bothering around the parlor the nights I have male company."—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

MARK TWAIN, speaking of a new mosquito-netting, writes: "The day is coming when we shall sit under our nets in church and slumber peacefully, while the discomforted flies club together and take it out of the minister."

MR. TILDEN'S strength is so wonderful that, the other day, when he suddenly shut his teeth down on a crust of bread, a piece flew 150 feet into the air, and, descending, smashed a telegraph pole to atoms.—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

THE shooting-gallery men are doing a poor business. They might work up a little trade at five cents a throw if they would put up a stuffed cat on a practicable garden wall and allow customers to throw boot-jacks at the offending object.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"PHILADELPHIA is happy," says PUCK, because "the eyes of the world have been on her for a week and she has beaten New York in having a railroad crash." Dressing in crash, and having the eyes of the world on her while she flirts. The dizzy jade.—*Oil City Derrick.*

MISS LEVENIA VICTORIA SMITH has just completed a panel for a door. She took the panel out of the door and painted a long-legged crane standing upon it. During the progress of the work the draught coming through the hole where the panel should have been caused her three sisters to catch the pneumonia. One is already dead, and the others hope to be. On putting the panel back she discovered that it was painted on the wrong side. The picture is much admired by people who pass the house. —*S. F. News Letter.*

TRAIN agents on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad are required to keep clean, act decently, talk in a low tone, not walk the cars more than once in thirty miles, and never throw books in a passenger's lap. And what a dreary road it must be to ride over! We might, perhaps, in time, get used to a clean train agent and his decent acting; but to sit in a rail car where one of these peripatetic encyclopædias talks "in a low tone" must be as depressing as solitary confinement in the Black Hole of Calcutta, or an after-dinner oration. And to ride thirty miles without a visitation from this literary legionary! And pray what were laps made for, if not to throw books into? Why, heretofore a man could get posted in all the different ways of scalping Indians and sounding the war-whoop, by means of the books thrown into his lap in a twenty-mile ride, without its costing him one cent. And now this privilege is to be snatched from him by a soulless corporation. Are we men? Are we freemen? Are we—beg pardon; we didn't intend to drop into conundrums.—*Boston Transcript.*

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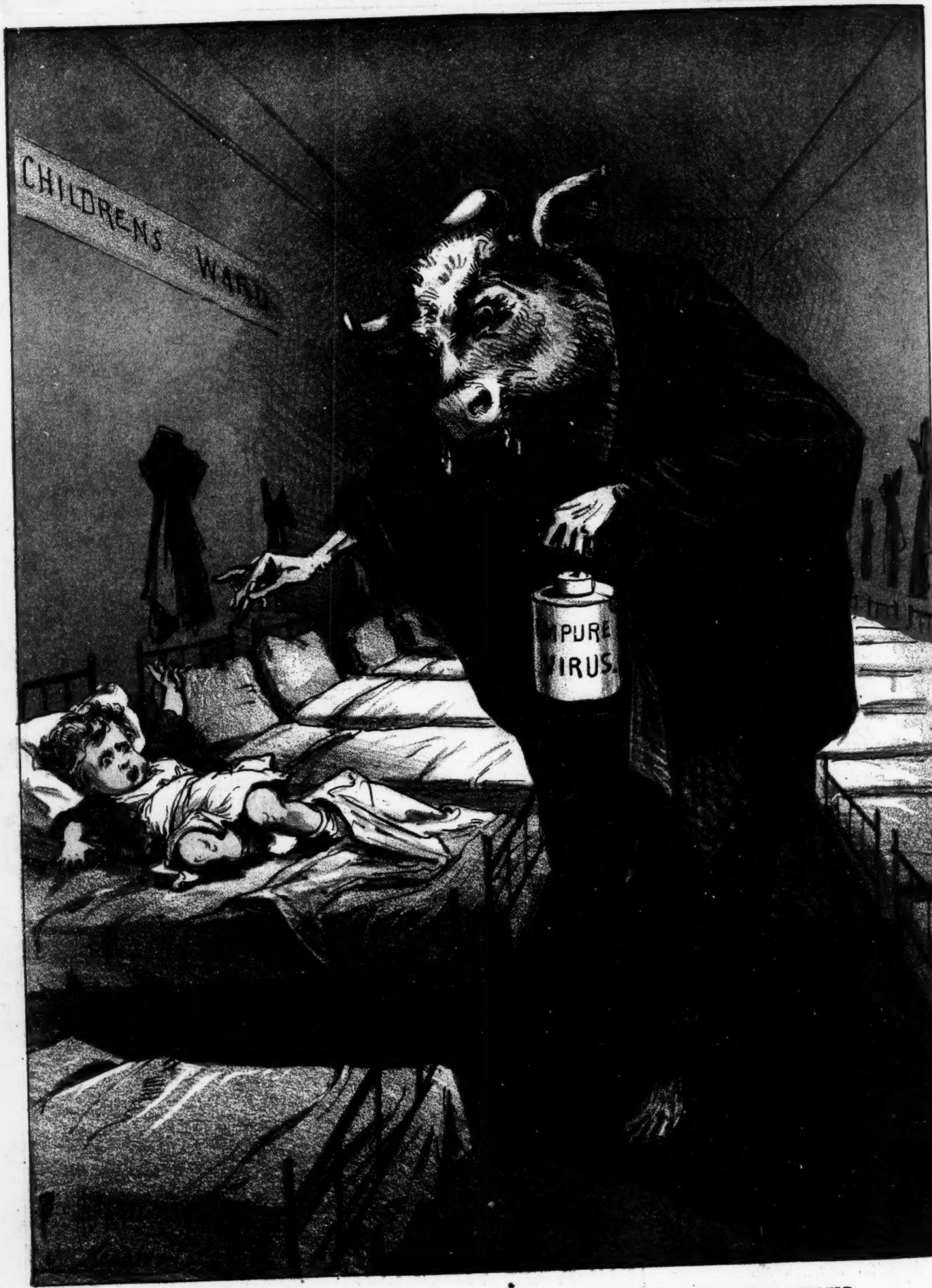
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